

The Saturday Evening

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 3, 1824.

Vol. III.—No. 1.

Published by ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, No. 53 MARKET STREET, three doors below Second street, at \$2 per annum, payable half yearly in advance; or \$3 if not paid during the year—ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.



THE EXIT OF THE YEAR.

Another Year! hath sped its flight.
Borne on the winged wings of time,
To regions of eternal night!
Oblivion's clime!

The cherub's landscape's faded bloom,
The falling leaf—the winter's gloom—
Types all of Nature's general doom:
Have marked its rapid, silent close.
Its brief career to dark repose.

Another Year! hath sped its flight.
Have crowded thickly on its path:
Mark! how the mind's aspiring—leeds
Oppression's wrath.
How "Holly" Knave has power to quell,
And hand in superstitious spell,
The heavenly spirit's generous swell:
How fast the light which rose upon
False, weak "Cassio and Aragon."

Another Year! they heed it not.
Bring a poor's redeeming—bright!
And own no more power to another
The spirit's light:
Hence Greece proclaims the tide
Of glory hath not wholly died.
Though crimson floods its course hath dyed:
High beats the heart with magic thrill,
That ere, may God be with them still.

Another Year! mark'd ye its flight
Of vengeance on the dashed crew,
Whose deeds, in more than horror rash,
We mourn'd to view.
And heard ye not the voice of pain,
Come mingling with the victor's strain,
O'er those whom pale disease hath slain.
Columba's soul the gallant—brave,
Caudund to fill a foreign grave.

Another Year! with pride we turn
Our shining eyes from scenes of strife,
To one that bids the spirit burn
In feather'd life—
Our Country! at the sound, how starts
The blind to unnumber'd hearts,
And like its glory onward darts,
To glory her Eagle perch'd on high,
And the sublimity of the sky.

Another Year! improvement's hand
Finds all its power possessing still;
May its essence preserve the land
From future ill.
The water, hands with wealth shall flow,
And spread around their social glow,
And all in union grower grow,
While every lock and every toll,
Shall form a link to bind the whole.

Another Year!—Our Farmer's toil
Hath crown'd with golden wreaths of grain,
Abundant vintage o'er the soil,
An honest gain.
Still may our fields their stores reveal,
Our stress the genial influence feel,
And Arts and Science share the wealth:
That general wealth which has been given,
And claims—our gratitude to Heaven.

Another Year! hath now begun,
And like the year, will soon be gone—
When is the course of time hath run,
Noble to return?
We may find our Country free
From war's dark clouds of misery;
And still its bright flame, LIBERTY!
Flame the nations of the earth,
And light their path to glory's birth.

Another Year! how many hearts
That beat with health and pleasure now,
Before its little span departs,
To death shall bow:
How many—but the strain forbear,
The present it were vain to share,
And trust the future to His care,
Whose love can dry the Mourner's tear,
And bring ETERNITY's bright Year!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE ORPHAN.

Kind stranger, lend thy pitying tear,
Nor let thy heart with cold disdain,
Turn from a helpless orphan's prayer,
Or soft compassion's tear restrain.
Behold, upon my livid cheek,
A smiling flush no more appears,
And haggard sickness there doth speak,
The subject of these falling tears.
Full many a weary month hath flown,
Since health, and power, my bosom blest,
A helpless orphan, and unknown,
I now upon the world am prest.
One tender parent—friends had I,
Who stalling prest my heart with joy,
No pleasure did they ever deny
Your friendship, love, and orphan boy.
But ah! relentless, fortune prov'd,
This feeble heart it hath bereft,
Of all its friends so dearly lov'd,
And it a prey to sorrow left.
And, now through bitter frost and snow,
I beg my lonely, cheerless way,
And to my piteous tale of woe,
Will mortal's scarce attention pay.
Behold! these tattered clothes bespeak
Rude poverty, and even distress,
And tears that warm this cold cheek,
The anguish of my heart express.
Ah! we three feet, how rudely torn,
Where's my wandering footstep's brand,
Each track is clog'd in deepen'd gore,
While homeless, I for money roam.
Then let your hearts with pity glow,
Nor turn me suppliant from your door,
Some tender, kind relief bestow,
And heaven will surely bless your store.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF A STRANGER.

Who died from home.
How awfully solemn the feeling
That comes o'er the mind, like a cloud,
On sympathy's wing softly stealing,
Round sorrow's reclining shroud.
We sigh, though regardless of danger,
We weep though no sorrow we have;
And this doth my heart, lovely stranger,
Mourn silently over thy grave.
For I discover'd from friends that are dear,
Afar from thy own native home;
Lo! strangers encircle thy bier,
And lay thee at rest in the tomb.
Our friend stands in lone-liness by,
To mark where thy dust must repose,
One tender connexion is nigh,
To mourn o'er thy life's early close.
He who watch'd thee when sickness was thine,
And sought every pain to relieve;
To death now thy form must resign,
And leave thee to sleep in the grave.
For the letters of nature are broken,
Dissolved are the soft beams of love;
And thy spirit hath joyfully taken,
Its flight to the regions above.
Here rest, for thy journey is o'er,
Thy care and thy sorrows here cease;
And though far from thine own native shore,
Yet thy spirit may anchor in peace.
Thou may'st live where the tempest of time,
No longer shall ruffle thy breast;
But death be thy passport divine,
Since Heaven is the home of the blest.

7th mo. 24, 1822.

JUVAN.

THE MORALIST.

"Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardour, and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged path to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate watch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity."
— Milton friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love:
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Looking over a little volume from which
the above is selected, I observed a number
of passages marked with a pencil, and the
idea suggested itself of collecting a few of
them from their scattered places, to form
as it were a monitor.

"A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!"
The circumstance of their being marked
in a book, the dying gift of a beloved
sister; the reflection, that the bosom which
once felt the force of these passages, and
kindled into devotion at their influence,
hath submitted to a more potent, irresistible
power—that the hand, (O how hath it
thrilled within my fond grasp!) that pencil
those marks on which my eyes are
now resting, are "covered with mould;"
reflections that serve to inspire my mind
with a spirit of veneration for those relics
of a sister's love, and to throw around
them a serious, a calm, and a hallowed in-
fluence, leading me to exclaim, in the
fullness of that deep imperishable love,
which clings to my May's tomb, which
burns in this bosom like an unquenchable
fire, fed continually with sighs and with
tears,

"Youngest! shall I grieve her hovering shade,
Which waits the revolution in my heart?
Shall I disclaim her silent, soft address,
Her posthumous advice, and pious prayer?"
Youthful and beloved, she bid an early
adieu to life, but with such calmness and
entire resignation, as proved to those who
watched her slow decline, that she was not
unprepared, nor unwilling. She seemed
to have given up every earthly thought;
to have considered long, and to have felt too,
the whole of this passage, which I find
marked with her own hand.

"All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is fully cross;
How wild all where change shall be no more!"
And again in other places she has marked
these passages, perhaps, expressive of her
own state. I doubt not they were a per-
fect transcript of her feelings:

"How was my heart incited with the world!
O how self-loved was my gossamer soul!
How like a worm was I wrapt round and round
In thick thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darkness reason lay quite clouded o'er,
With soft consent of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!"
"Beware what earth calls happiness—beware!
All joys, but joys that never can expire,
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condems his joys to death."
"The bell strikes one—we take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. It heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! How surely mine!"
"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of Heaven."

Thus thought the youthful mother of a
darling, an only child; the wife of a kind,
an affectionate husband; thus speaks even
now, the sister of a doating brother—and
shall she speak in vain? Hard, indeed, must
have been the struggle that snapped her
earthly connection, that broke every tie,
and enabled her to view with peace and re-
signation her approaching dissolution.—
But such was the case, she was enabled to
give up all; and long before her death,
seemed to have forgotten every earthly re-
collection, and to have fixed all the powers
of her mind on the one all absorbing
thought of eternity. In truth she appear-
ed not of this world "but moved among
us like the being of another sphere."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A correspondent of the Evening Post has late-
ly given a tale of a youth, who recently died
in consequence of a female's perjury. In it, though
much is said of woman's perfidy, there is not a
glance at the perfidy of man. Good complacent
Francis! how you seem to have fixed it, that wo-
man only is false, and that man is a model of con-
stancy. Examine life more closely, my friend,
and you will find a score of inconstant youths for
one faithless female.

Many years since I had a friend. She was
lovely, amiable, intelligent. A suitor appeared,
and unfortunately gained her affections. Unfortu-
nately, I say, for he proved unworthy of love.
When woman loves 'tis not like man's love.—
Truly does the poet say,

"Man's love is of man's life, a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel and the mart.
Sword, gown, gain, glory offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone."

Her love was the beautiful Caroline's "whole
existence." Yet, like a villain, her lover left her,
and the kiss of affection which she gave him had
hardly dried upon his lips, ere he transferred it to
her rival! He wedded that rival. She was
wealthier than Caroline, though far inferior in
every other respect—it was the dross which
she possessed that changed his heart. Caroline
brooded for years in secret and in sorrow, over
her blighted hopes and crossed affections; she
complained not, but her anguish preyed upon her
beautiful form, and she died, a victim to a vil-
lain's inconstancy.

This may appear to some like fiction, but many
can perceive in it what daily occurs. Let us then
hear no more of woman's falsehood. Her ever
susceptible heart is too often imposed upon, by
some heartless fop, who glories in having made
a conquest over a credulous and unsuspecting fe-
male. Francis says—

"Oh, if a planet in yonder sky, when maids are
false, 'er weeps,
That moon which shines so pure and bright such
sorrowing vigil keeps."

Truly, if she wept every time that youths are false,
her eyes would never be dry; and we, on this
mundane sphere, should never have cause to com-
plain of want of water. REBECCA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

An old bachelor is said to be (by those persons
who know nothing about the gentleman) a selfish,
tyrannical, solitary being; one for whom no earth-
ly creature cares, and who leaves this life un-
wept and unregretted by any. These are serious
charges; particularly that of selfishness; and if I
succeed in proving that a bachelor eats more,
drinks more, and wears more than a married
man and all his family, I shall prove him to be
more useful to his fellow-men.—For on the eat-
ing, drinking and wearing of their fellow-citizens,
depend the farmer, the merchant and the artisan,
and on these three, indirectly, depend all the
other classes of society. What mortal is it that
eats so much as the old bachelor? but it is not
for the pleasure of gourmandizing. His motto is
"Pro patria." He knows well that every mouth-
ful he takes, is a mouthful towards the success of
agriculture. He knows that agriculture is the
foundation on which a country's happiness is reared;
and he continues eating, for the good of his
country, until he is in turn eaten (a dainty morsel)
by, and for the good of his fellow worms. No one
can doubt that an old bachelor of this class eats
more than half a score of married people, throw-
ing their families into the scale against him. Who
is this prim old gentleman coming along, his hat
a dashing Legion, lately transferred from the
maker's block to his own; his coat (the fourth
within a year) of the most costly materials; his
breaches of the finest cassimere, and his whole
appearance bespeaking a degree of taste and
splendor that a married man would despair of
ever being able to attain? 'Tis an old Bachelor.
See with what a complacent smile he looks at
himself; observe with what an air of dignity he
removes, with his gold headed cane, the dirt that
lies in his path; observe him well, and say if you
can for one moment think that he is not the best
patron of the artisan, and the happiest being to
be found.

The bachelor is said to be tyrannical. Hear
this ye celestial powers! A bachelor called a ty-
rant by old maids, and peevish husbands. Why
are the former so fond of cats, and of lap-dogs,
and of parrots, but because they may vent their
peevishness on, and prove their power over them.
—It is the delight of the husband to make his wife
tremble at his frown, (provided he is able to do
so, but which, to be sure, is seldom the case,) and
to govern his children like some "petty tyrant
of a petty corporation."—And who, let me ask,
has an old bachelor to tyrannise over, except
perchance a lazy servant, or some good natured
friend? It is clear then that the bachelor is not so
great a tyrant as an old maid, or a poor married
devil. Let all those, therefore, who fortunately
now are single, determine to remain so.

Pope says that all human happiness consists in
being in possession of health, peace and compe-
tence. Now, as all will allow that the old ba-
chelor leads a more peaceable life, it must follow
that he is healthier than a married man; for ill
health is the natural effect of a life of care and
trouble; as to competency no one will deny that
it is easier attained by a single, than a married
man. Let romantic girls and rhyming youths
praise the married state. Let them speak of mu-
tual affection smoothing the path of life, enhanc-
ing its pleasures; heightening its joys. Let them
expatiate on the happiness a man experiences in
beholding a charming wife, the idol of his soul,

the joy of his life, sharing every feeling of his
bosom, and returning his love with a ten-fold
warmth; of smiling children in whom he sees his
lineaments and virtues perpetuated; nay even the
sweetness of death when the friendly offices of a
wife rob it of its bitterness. These are as nothing
compared to the joys of a bachelor. What, for in-
stance, can make a man happier than to have it
said, "There goes Mr. Hawewell; he has with-
stood the lures of ambitious mothers to entice
him to wed their daughters, and the more danger-
ous baits of the daughters themselves. He has
kept his heart firm and unmoved against all their
attempts, and he now reaps and feels the benefit
of his obduracy. For he has no wife to trouble
him with her love and officious tenderness. No
children to disturb him with their infantine en-
dearments. No other end to pursue but his
own pleasures, and the happiness of his fellow
creatures, as detailed above." Let all those,
then, who wish to enjoy his happiness, determine
to glide peaceably down the path of life as hono-
rable bachelors; members of that most illustrious
order, and if they sometimes find the path a rug-
ged one, they may console themselves with the
idea that they are not cursed with a wife who would
make it still more rugged; and when they die,
each old bachelor will treasure them in his me-
mory, as firm supporters of the cause of celibacy,
and over his cups will drink to their well being in
the other world. F.

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sor-
row from which we refuse to be charmed.
Every other would we seek to heal; every
other affliction to forget; but this would we
consider it a duty to keep open. This af-
liction we cherish and brood over in soli-
tude. Where is the mother who forgets
willingly the infant that perished, like a blossom,
from her arms, though every
recollection is a pang? Where is the
child that would willingly forget the most
tender of parents, though to remember be
but to lament? Whoever, in the hour of
agony, would forget the friend over whom
he mourns? Who, even when the tomb
is closing upon the remains of her he most
loved; when he feels his heart, as it were,
crushed—in the closing of its portal; would
accept of consolation that must be bought
by forgetfulness? No, the love which sur-
vives the tomb is one of the noblest attri-
butes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has
likewise its delights; and when the over-
whelming burst of grief is calmed into the
gentle rustle of recollection, when the sud-
den anguish and convulsive agony over the
present ruins of all that we most loved, is
softened away into pensive meditation on
all that it was in the days of its loveliness.
Who would root out such a sorrow from
the heart, though it may sometimes throw
a passing cloud over the bright hour of
gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over
the hour of gloom; yet who would ex-
change it even for the song of pleasure or
the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice
from the tomb sweeter than song; there is
a remembrance of the dead, to which we
turn ever from the charms of the living.

Oh, the grave!—the grave!—it buries
every error—covers every defect—extin-
guishes every resentment! From its
peaceful bosom spring none but fond re-
grets and tender recollections. Who can
look down upon the grave even of an en-
emy, and not feel a compunction that he
should ever have warred with the poor
handful of earth that is mouldering before
him! But the grave of those we loved—
what a place of meditation! there it is that
we call up in long review the whole history
of virtue and gentleness, and the thou-
sand endearments lavished upon us, almost
unheeded in the daily intercourse of inti-
macy; there it is that we dwell upon the
tenderness; the solemn awful tenderness of
the parting scene—the bed of death, with
all its stifled griefs—its noiseless atten-
dants—its mute, watchful assiduities. The
last testimonies of expiring love! the fee-
ble, flattering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling
pressure of the hand. The last fond look
of the glistening eye, turning up to us even
from the threshold of existence! the faint
flattering accents struggling in death to
give one more assurance of affection.—
Aye! go to the grave of buried love, and
meditate! there settle the account with thy
conscience for every past endearment un-
regarded of that departed being. She can
never, never return, to be soothed by thy
contrition! If thou art a child, and hast
ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a fur-
row to the silvered brow of an affectionate
parent—if thou art a husband, and hast
ever caused the fond bosom that ventured
its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt
one moment of thy kindness or thy truth
—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged,
in thought, word or deed, the spirit that
generously confided in thee—if thou
art a lover, and hast ever given one un-
merited pang to the true heart which now
is cold and still beneath thy feet—then be
sure that every unkind look, every ungen-
erous word, every ungente action, will
come thronging back on thy memory, and
knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be
sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and
repentant on the grave, and utter the un-
heard groan, and pour the unavailing tear
—more deep, more bitter, because unheard
and unavailing. Then weave thy chaplet
of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature
about the grave; console thy broken spirit,
if thou canst, with these tender yet futile
tributes of regret; but take warning by the

bitterness of this thy contrite affliction,
the dead, and henceforth be more faith-
ful and affectionate in the discharge of thy
ties to the living.

The following extract from Blackwood's
Magazine, is, we believe, from the pen of James
Hous, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose extraordinary
powers of delineating the wild and fearful pas-
sions, and exciting those feelings of horror and
suspense which cause an involuntary shudder
in the mind of the reader, have been fully ex-
emplified in the strange productions of his pen, that
have added no small celebrity to this Magazine.

I was on my voyage back to my native country,
after an absence of five years, spent in unremitting
toil in a foreign land, to which I had been driven
by a singular fatality. Our voyage had been un-
der a singular and prosperous, and on Christmas day
we were within fifty leagues of port. Passengers and
crew were all in the highest spirits, and the ship
was alive with mirth and jollity. For my own part,
I was the very happiest man in existence. I had
been unexpectedly raised from poverty to affluence—
my parents were once more longing to behold
their errand and beloved son, and I knew that there
was one dearer even than any parent, who had re-
mained true to me through all my misfortunes, and
would soon be mine for life.

About eight o'clock in the evening, I went on
deck. The ship was sailing upon a wind at the
rate of seven knots an hour, and there was a wild
grandeur in the night. A strong snow storm blew
but steadily, and without danger, and now and
then, when the struggling moonlight overcame the
sleety and misty darkness, we saw for some dis-
tance around us, the agitated sea all tumbling with
foam. There were no shoals to fear, and the ship
kept boldly on her course, close-reined, and un-
troubled of the storm. I went over the gunwale,
admiring the water rushing past like a tumbling
cascade, when, by some unaccountable accident, I lost
my balance, and in an instant fell overboard into
the sea.


I remember a convulsive shuddering all over my
body, and a hurried leaping of my breast, as I felt
myself about to lose hold of the vessel, and after-
wards a sensation of the most icy chilliness from
immersion into the waves—but nothing resembling
a fall or precipitation. When below the water, I
thought that the momentary belief rushed across my
mind, that the ship had suddenly sunk, and that I
was but one of a perishing crew. I imagined that
I felt a hand with long fingers clutching at my legs,
and made violent efforts to escape, dragging after
me, as I thought, the body of some drowning
wretch.—On rising to the surface, I recollected in
a moment what had befallen me, and uttered a cry
of horror, which in my ears to this day, and often
makes me shudder, as if it were the mad shriek
of another person in the extremity of perilous agony.
Often have I dreamed over again that dire moment,
and the cry I utter in my sleep is something more
horrible than a human voice.—No ship was to be
seen. She was gone forever. The little party
world to which, a moment before, I had belonged,
had swept by the waves dashed on me, and struck
me on the face and howled at me; the winds yell-
ed, and snow beat like drifting sand into my eyes,
—and there was left to struggle, and buffet, and
gasped, and sink, and perish, alone, unseen and un-
noted by man, and as I thought too, by the ever-
lasting God.—I tried to penetrate the surrounding
darkness with my glaring eyes, that felt leaping
from their sockets, and saw as if by miraculous
power, to a great distance through the night—but
no ship—nothing but white crested waves, and the
dismal noise of thunder. I shouted, shrieked and
yelled that I might be heard by the crew, till my
voice was gone—and that too, when I knew that
there was none to hear me. At last I became ut-
terly speechless, and when I tried to call aloud,
there was nothing but a silent gasp and convulsion,
—while the waves came upon me like stunning
blows, reiterated and reiterated, and drove me
along like a log of wood or a dead animal.

Once I muttered to myself, "this is a dream,
and I shall awake." I had often before dreamt
of being drowned, and this idea of its being a dream
so pressed upon me, that I vainly strove to shriek
out, that the noise might awaken me. But oh!
the transition, from this momentary and wild hope
of its being a dreadful dream, into the conviction
of its reality! That, indeed, was something more
hideous than a fanatic's thought of hell. All at
once I felt my inmost soul throttled, strangled,
and stifled, by an insupportable fear of death. That
death which to my imagination had ever appear-
ed the most hideous, and of which I had often
dreamt till the drops fell down my forehead like
rain, had now in good truth befallen me; but dread-
ful as all my dreams had been, what were they all
to this? I felt as if all human misery were con-
centrated in the speechless anguish of my own one
single heart.

All this time I was not conscious of any act of
swimming; but I soon found that I had instinc-
tively been exerting all my power and skill, and
both were requisite to keep me alive in the tumu-
luous wake of the ship. Something struck me
harder than a wave. What it was I knew not, but
I grasped it with a passionate violence, for the hope
of salvation came suddenly over me, and, with a
sudden transition from despair, I felt that I was
rescued. I had the same thought as if I had been
suddenly heaved on shore by a wave. The crew
had thrown overboard every thing they thought
could afford me the slightest chance of escape from
death, and a hencoop had drifted towards me.—
At once all the stories I had ever read of mariners
miraculously saved at sea, rushed across my re-
collection. I had an object to cling to, which I
knew would enable me to prolong my existence.
I was no longer helpless on the cold weltering
world of waters; and the thought that my friends
were thinking of me, and doing all that they could
for me, gave me a wonderful courage. I may yet
pass the night in the ship, I thought, and looked
around eagerly to hear the rush of her prow, or to
see thro' the snow-drift the gleaming of her sails.

This was but a momentary gladness. The ship
I knew could not be far off, but for any good she
could do me, she might have been in the heart
of the Atlantic ocean. Ere she could have alter-
ed her course, I must have drifted a long way to
the leeward, and in that dim snowy night how
was such a speck to be seen? I saw a flash of
lightning, and then there was thunder. It was the
ship firing a gun, to let me know if still alive, that
she was somewhere lying to. But wherefore? I
was separated from her by a dire necessity, by
many thousand and fierce waves, that would not
let my shrieks be heard. Each succeeding gun
was heard fainter and fainter, till at last I cursed
the sound, that scarcely heard above the hollow
rumbling of the tempestuous sea, told me that the
ship was farther and farther off till she and her
heartless crew had left me to my fate. Why did
they not send their boats round and round all the
night through, for the sake of one whom they pre-
tended to love so well? I blamed, I cursed
cursed them by fits, till every emotion
was exhausted, and I clung in sol-
litude to the wretched piece of wood that still
eternity. Was it

Vol. II
Published



FOR THE

When meadow
That beamed
She wept
A captive
When the
Showed its
And staid
To fly to his
Sweet days
Shine like so
To him who
And leaves
Sweet days
Until its in-
That gave it
'Till have first
In angel form
And him was
The fragrance
But alas! there
The minstrel
Then rang, and
But now in oil
Or only sings

FOR THE

In a neat little
Where wooding
There lived a
She was merry
Her innocent
She thought for
Her lovely child
She was happy
But a neighbor
To be heaved
For often he
Belied her all
Yet once he
When she thought
Of vanishing
And left her

FOR THE

Come sweet
'Till peace to
Yes, thou little
I hail thee
Though yet
Long have we
Let thy soul
And I am
MY
• My Birth
That word
And how, and
Less and less
When first our
It seems like
And as youth
That time
Pleasant with
How hard
Vain was the
Who said—
• His long
• He could
Alas! 'tis not
In soldier
Far others—
Laid his
Of council
Hoping for
But, oh, like
Upon un-
Of nursing
Or wandering
And taking
That could
All this it tell
With power
The lights
How quickly
Which both
These friendship
And kept
And that dear
Where Love's
Showering
And con-

Tune

When Fred
He's weary
When round
The argu-
And the
His dear
And thus
Burst burst
With guest
Stirren, street
That flag
Capote, cloth
Let stars
Rule rule
Wear victory
Go, tell the
Another
Another
Another
But just
Himself, the
Wear, wear
The wench
He said—and
Forth to her
And men
Her blood-
Columbian's
The golden
Jew with it
And our